



AMONG THE ACTIVITIES on a fifty-foot lot was a dove nesting and caring for her young.

PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

All On A Fifty-Foot Lot

BY BILL FAVER

It seems natural that we tend to overlook those things most familiar to us in our surroundings. The things we see everyday are so commonplace, we don't take much time to observe them. That's the way it was with me last week at the beach as I sat with binoculars watching birds and porpoises a ways off shore. I was so interested in seeing what was happening out there, I missed completely what was happening on my small piece of land.



FAVER

I had known about the mockingbird nest in a yaupon bush at the end of a flower bed and they had left the nest, but the mockers were still around and were annoyed by our old, one-eyed cat. Then I saw another nest in a pine. A dove had selected a large limb and placed her nest just where it joined the tree trunk. Her little platform was in full view from my rocking chair and I watched her all week as she tended the two young who were near flying size and

would soon leave the nest. There were some warblers and a pair of wrens working the euonymous bushes for insects and a male cardinal would fly in and out, but I could find no evidence of a nest.

Dragonflies zoomed across the yard, particularly in early morning and late afternoon, to feast on the "no-seeums" and other small insects. A few butterflies worked the gaillardias and bees were on the yaupon. Blackberry bushes in the dunes were about ready to offer berries for breakfast cereal or a cobbler. A struggling oleander near the dunes bloomed red once more.

There was a lot going on that I couldn't see, of course. The vines and grasses gave tunnels for rabbits and mice and the sand dunes supported yuccas, sea oats, beach grass and lots of ghost crab tunnels.

It's fun to take inventory of what's happening on a small lot. There is much more than we can observe, for we can't see it all. But it helps remind us there is much more value to the land than the use we have for it. When we understand that, we're on the way to realizing we share the world and our 50-foot lots with other creatures just as important to the ecosystem as we are.

MORE LETTERS

A Good Thing's No Longer Free

To the editor:

A song says the best things in life are free and, until recently, one of the best free things was walking the Holden Beach Fishing Pier, feeding the gulls and watching the many fishermen.

Residents since 1987 (home owners since 1985, vacationers since 1975), we have always taken European and USA friends and family to lunch at the pier and then enjoy a walk to the end to show them our lovely Holden Beach. Everyone loved the pier walk.

Now there is a 25-cent spectator fee to be charged for walking on this lovely pier. We've asked in South Carolina and believe most of Myrtle Beach piers are free for walking. Those on Long Beach and Ocean Isle are free, we believe, but haven't been to them recently.

How discouraging it is and will be to those of us who walked the pier in winter for health purposes and those who merely wanted to soak in the beauty of ocean, sky, pelicans diving for food, and now have to fork out 25 cents each time they want to continue to enjoy these pleasures.

Best things in life are free? Not!
Jacqueline and Edgar Phillips
Supply

President Should Avoid Meeting

To the editor:

Do you eat meat, use frozen and convenience foods? Do you use electric appliances? Does your family have an automobile? Do you live and work in air conditioning?

If so, you are one of those selfish, decadent Americans who are destroying the world's ecological health.

According to the Secretary-General of UNCED, a shift is necessary "Towards lifestyles . . . less geared to . . . environmentally damaging consumption patterns." In other words, all of the above luxuries have got to go.

What is UNCED? The United Nations Conference on Environment and Development to be held in Rio de Janeiro in June, it will be attended by politicians from all over the world. Also represented will be environmentalists who have been conducting a massive propaganda campaign for at least 20 years, scaring to death Americans, especially the younger generation, with unproven threats of global warming, ozone depletion, pollution and overpopulation.

What is the purpose of this exploitation of our sincere concern for "Mother Earth?" Certainly the results will be more regulations, enforcement by a powerful world organization and economic disaster for all countries.

The annual report by World Watch Institute states, "Building an environmentally sustainable future requires nothing short of a revolution." A "new world order?" Is that what this is all about? Write or call the White House now and ask our President not to attend. He must not participate in this anti-U. S., anti-family agenda.

Catherine Moore
Burgaw

Concert Band A Fine Resource

To the editor:

So few Brunswick County people know what a wonderful musical resource they have in the Brunswick Concert Band, an all-volunteer group.

The benefit concert for the Adult Day Care Centers May 17 was inspiring, and I am truly sorry that so few were there to enjoy this significant local group.

We thank the director, Paul Pittenger, and each of his excellent musicians, for their contribution to ADC as well as to the county. The medleys from *Phantom of the Opera*, *St. Louis Blues* and George Gershwin were great, but the Salute to Glenn Miller and *A String of*

Pearls brought exultations of sheer joy and nostalgia to the mostly older audience.

Thanks also to the school board for making the middle school cafeteria available, to my very good committee and especially Isabel Beebe, who put it together.

We must get the concert band back to this end of the county, for there are hundreds of you out there who would truly enjoy their music.

William F. (Bill) Potts, Jr.
Board Member
Brunswick Adult Day Care, Inc.
Shallotte

Animal Welfare League Will Help

To the editor:

I read the letter to the editor in the May 7 issue by Danny McLean, pointing out the number of dogs and cats which inundate the area with offspring because they aren't spayed or neutered.

A number of years ago I, too, was concerned about the unwanted pet population so I started an organization called the Brunswick County Animal Welfare League, built donation boxes and placed them around the county to accept donations to help pay for neutering and spaying.

Evidently Mr. McLean is new in the area or we need more publicity.

Anyone wanting financial help with neutering or spaying cats or dogs may call Jack or Jewel Perry at 754-4896. They are officers and can explain how you can get a certificate to help pay the veterinarian's bill.

Teddi Neal
Bolivia

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57 Channels And Still Nothing's On

What is all this stuff on my television?

Like any other red-blooded American, the first thing I did after moving into our new Holden Beach digs was to hook the TV to what I thought was the antenna wire poking through a hole in the floor.

As I flipped through the channels I got the distinct impression I had been missing something during my sojourn in the mountains.

"Toto," I said to myself. "I've got a feeling we're not in Hooterville anymore."

When you live a mile from the nearest pavement on the side of Bald Top Mountain, you don't get out much. And not much gets in. No Welcome Wagon. No pizza delivery. No Trick-Or-Treaters. In fact the only unannounced visitors we saw in five years were the nice old man from the U.S. Census and a couple of missionaries. And they didn't stay long.

We couldn't even get a newspaper. Let alone cable. I was told it might come our way as soon as they paved the road. The state list said Kyle's Creek Road would be paved sometime after the Devil learned to ice skate.

Consequently our television picture looked as if the signal had been dragged up the gravel road, bounced off the mountainside and strained between the trees. We could see two networks on most days. Public TV came in on a south wind. And occa-

Eric
Carlson



sionally Fox network would appear during periods of heightened sunspot activity.

If you wanted to watch something on CBS, you had a triple image. Which wasn't all bad. It made football games much more interesting, what with 66 guys and three balls on the field. But it got a bit scary around news time. I mean, who wants three Dan Rathers in their living room?

All of a sudden I have cable. So of course I spent my first three days in front of the tube zapping the changer every few minutes to make sure I wasn't missing a more interesting show on another channel.

I quickly realized that much had been added since I last gorged myself on a smorgasbord of popular culture. It seems we are no longer slaves to a few mighty networks who decide what we watch and when we watch it.

If I want to watch sports, there's an all sports channel. For weather there's the all weather channel. There are movies on the all movie

channel, preachers on the all preacher channel and blabbering politicians on the all blabbering politician channel. There's even old stuff on the all old stuff channel. And in case you don't hear enough rap and heavy metal music booming from the pickup trucks on Main Street, there's MTV, the all noise channel.

But what amazed me were the all commercial channels. Isn't that why we all bought VCRs? To get away from commercials? Of course these are not your average commercials. Now, without leaving the comfort of your couch you can purchase a machine that makes enough beef jerky to pay for itself in just one year! Or for just 100 bucks you can get an attachment that will let you cut your hair with your vacuum cleaner!

That's the one that was on when I woke up after the third day with my eyes glazed over and my thumb asleep from mashing the button. There was this nagging "Ack! Ack! Ack!" coming from my back porch.

I went outside and discovered something amazing. There were seagulls swooping and diving in beautiful patterns over the canal. And people heading out to go fishing. And after just a short walk I could go swimming, or surfing, or sailing or just walking along the beach enjoying the sun and the sea and the breeze.

Yes, Virginia. There is more to life than television.

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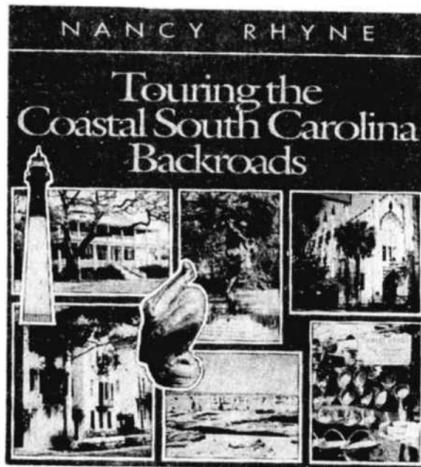
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